THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

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WHEN FOUND—

THERE is no greater Dickens enthusiast than the American admirer of the novelist and his works. His country possesses some of the most valued relics of the author of *Pickwick*, some of the most ardent collectors of Dickensiana are to be found there, and, above all, there exists in the United States a Dickens literature, if not as large as in this country, at any rate as many-phased. An indication of this will be found in our present issue, our first special American number, for all the articles are by American writers.

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We are indebted to several of our American subscribers for the literary contributions. Mr. W. G. Wilkins not only contributes the article under his name, but has been helpful in many other ways. Dr. Henry Leffmann has also shown great interest in addition to writing a special article for us, whilst Mr. E. S. Williamson, of Toronto, furnished copy for the Poetical Tribute by Sam Kent. We also have to thank Mr. Walter T. Spencer and Mr. W. Miller for the loan of the interesting pictures reproduced in the number.

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Whilst Dickens was in America, in 1842, he had many requests for sittings from American artists. But he only acceded on two occasions. Once to Mr. Francis Alexander, who painted a portrait of the novelist, and on the other occasion to Mr. H. Dexter, the sculptor, a reproduction of whose work we are able to give as the frontispiece to the present number. Professor Felton, the friend of Dickens, told the sculptor, "Ever since I saw your admirable bust of Charles Dickens—the best and most characteristic likeness that has ever been made of him—I have considered you the best, or certainly one of the best, portrait sculptors of our time."

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Mr. E. W. Putnam has recorded how the bust was modelled:—"While Mr. Dickens ate his breakfast, read his letters and dictated the answers, Dexter was watching with the utmost earnestness the play of every feature, and comparing his model with the original. Often during the meal he would come down to Dickens with a solemn, business-like air, stoop down and look at him sideways, pass round and take another look at the other side of the face, and then go back to his model and work away for a few minutes; then soon he would come again with his callipers and measure Dickens's nose, and go and try the width of his temples, or the distance from the nose to the chin,

and back again to his work, eagerly shaping and correcting his model. The whole soul of the artist was engaged in his task, and the result was a splendid bust of the great author. Mr. Dickens was highly pleased with it, and repeatedly alluded to it, during his stay, as a very successful work of art. . . . The bust has the rare merit of *action*, and in every respect faithfully represents the features, attitude, and look of Charles Dickens."

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Of the other pictures it is perhaps well to say that the cartoon reproduced on page 217 was published in *Harper's Weekly*, on December 21st, 1867, as a rebuke to those journalists who molested Dickens so much on his visit in 1842. The figure listening at the keyhole is Dolby, Dickens's manager, who exhibited great firmness in shielding the novelist from the annoyance of the newspaper men.

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Some correspondence has taken place in *The Times* recently under the head of "Shall not Dickens have a Statue?" Three notable letters appeared from Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., and Professor Charles Waldstein, respectively, each dealing with the question from a different standpoint. Other newspapers have commented pro and con upon the matter, and we have noted these in "Dickensiana," on page 224.

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All who visited the Pickwick Exhibition which was held last summer at the New Dudley Gallery, Piccadilly, will be interested in the announcement in our advertising pages of another Dickens Exhibition which was opened at the gallery on July 29th. We hope to give a full notice of it in our next number, but meanwhile we may say that the collection is comprehensive and should not be missed by Dickensians. The collection of original drawings, etc., by the best known illustrators, is perhaps the most valuable that has been seen at a public gallery. There may be seen a complete collection of first editions, from *Sketches by Boz* to *Edwin Drood;* a complete set of the plagiarisms and "completions" of the latter book; a score of autograph letters of Dickens; and very many personal relics of the novelist of genuine interest. The Exhibition is open daily from 10 till 6, admission 1s., members of the Fellowship being admitted at half price. It may be added that the special catalogue of the Exhibition is of special interest and value, and may be obtained for 1s. 3d., post free.

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Mr. Teignmouth Shore has been engaged for some time past upon a book dealing with Dickens and his friends, which is to be called "Charles Dickens and his Circle." The subject is a particularly interesting one, and Mr. Shore's book should make good reading. It will be published in the autumn by Messrs. Sisley, Ltd.

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The third annual movable conference of the Dickens Fellowship will take place this year at the Victoria Hotel, Sheffield, on Saturday, the 3rd of October.

THE EDITOR.

THE INFLUENCE OF DICKENS IN AMERICA

By HENRY LEFFMANN (of Philadelphia, U.S.A.)

IT is a matter of astonishment that a writer whose scenes and incidents are almost entirely localised in the capital of another nation should have produced so profound an impression upon the minds of the people of the United States. To all intents and purposes, Charles Dickens is a citizen of London only, and his story is nearly always of life in that city in the first half of the nineteenth century. Only in two of his novels, *Barnaby Rudge* and *A Tale of Two Cities*, does he pass into the eighteenth century, and, except in the few narratives of travel, he is scarcely ever out of England. He was twice in America; the two visits were separated by a quarter of a century, and events in the history of this country had changed its social features in a great degree. When he came in 1842 slavery was a generally accepted institution; murmurings were heard against it here and there, but the force of public sentiment was against any interference, and its opponents were often treated with great harshness. William Lloyd Garrison, a noted anti-slavery orator, was dragged through the streets of Boston and threatened with death by a gathering of citizens of so respectable a type that it is known in history as the "Broadcloth Mob."

Mr. Dickens, coming from a country in which social conditions had long since reached reasonable stability, and in which a large and active landed aristocracy had been for centuries exerting its influence upon the mass of the population, and, moreover, coming from a city, the largest in the world, exhibiting the highest development of municipal culture of the time, naturally found American society crude and brutal. In all probability a distinctly deteriorating influence was exerted by the slave states upon the North as well as upon themselves, and there was a degree of coarseness and habit of speech which could not but be offensive to one brought up in a community in which restraint in this respect was general.

It may be true that, as a total, the London population was no better mannered than that of the large American cities, but, as Horace said, "Their sky, not their mind, they change who hurry over the sea," and the vices and brutalities of the English people would naturally impress Mr. Dickens less than would other vices and brutalities to which he was not accustomed. On the first visit he was received with considerable heartiness, from which it is evident that his stories had already endeared him to the mass of the reading public of this country.

At the time of this visit he had published *Pickwick*, *Nicholas Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Barnaby Rudge*. He had therefore presented to the Americans several characters which appeal to the intelligent human beings in any land. Drawn as they were from the narrow circle of his life in England, they were types of human nature true as any that could be found in Nineveh, Athens, or Rome, or in any modern city of the civilised world—Sam Weller, Dolly Varden, Newman Noggs, Mr. Crummles, Mr. Mantalini, and, last but not least, Little Nell and the

Marchioness. The great novelist had shown his powers in moving to laughter or to tears and in developing interesting and intricate plots.

Dickens returned to England, and not long after produced *Martin Chuzzlewit* and *American Notes*. The latter is like most simple narratives of travel. Novels are read by the million, and in the novel Dickens came near destroying all friendly feeling for him in this country. The American portion of the novel is one of the most unsatisfactory features in all the work of the great writer. He failed to see the underlying principles of the nation. Perhaps it was difficult to see them at that time, but it seems to me that he should have dealt with the adventures of Martin and Mark in a somewhat different spirit.

If Mr. Dickens had returned to the United States within a few years after the publication of *Martin Chuzzlewit* it is not improbable that his reception would not have been very cordial, but time heals many heartburnings. Moreover, the interval was filled with a literary activity of a kind to efface disagreeable memories by presenting a series of very brilliant pictures of characters and incidents in the great novels of the latter period of his life. Such productions as *David Copperfield*, *Hard Times*, *Little Dorrit*, and *A Tale of Two Cities* appealed to the American people, and introduced into English literature types that have become an essential part of our imaginative life—Mr. Micawber, Mr. Gradgrind, the Dorrit family, Dr. Manette, and Sydney Carton, to instance a few. From the other novels of the period interesting features were drawn, but they are probably secondary in their value to those just enumerated. As mentioned above, political changes in this country had greatly affected the attitude of the people toward the life that was satirised in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. The overthrow of the slave power was accompanied by considerable change of opinion regarding the class of persons associated with that power. The northern people, at least, had lost most of their admiration for the type of citizen which Dickens had presented. He therefore found on his second visit extraordinary popularity; the limited number of readings proved quite insufficient for the masses that wished to hear him, and many citizens stood in line for hours to secure tickets.

Dickens's novels are generally considered to be written with a purpose other than that of merely affording opportunity of whiling away leisure time. In most of them we perceive an effort at securing some reform in the management of public affairs—the law's delay, the unpractical character of much of the missionary work in heathen lands, the insufficiency of Poor Law relief were among the objects of his condemnation. These features did not appeal very strongly to the American public. In the United States, as in all countries, the law is exasperating in its methods, but the American public did not suffer as much as England from the burden of antiquated forms of procedure and complex forms of jurisprudence. In a new country, where land is open to settlement on liberal terms, and Nature is bountiful, questions of poor relief are of little moment; whilst in a country, as was the case with the United

States until ten years ago, without colonial possessions, missionary work is purely a matter of church administration, and excites but little general attention. The American heart was, therefore, somewhat cold to the recital of the delays of Chancery and the evils of imprisonment for debt; it was not greatly impressed by the wastefulness of Mrs. Jellyby's interest in Borrioboola-Gha, and it had no knowledge of the beadle or the parish workhouse.

The impress of the novelist upon the American mind is the unrivalled flow of humour, kaleidoscopic in its brilliancy and range; the delineation of types of character that represent fundamental principles in human nature; and, lastly but by no means least, the purity of thought and wholesomeness of motive that is so dominantly characteristic of all his work. The general trend of the literature of America is toward a moral cleanliness. It is true that this has been sadly broken down in the last twenty years, but there is still a goodly portion of it left. The cleanliness of Dickens has been observed and praised by German writers, and, as one of them has said, it is remarkable that in so many thousands of pages scarcely one is to be found that should not be read by a child.

That the impress of Dickens is deep and widespread in America is shown by the popularity and activity of the Branch Fellowships, the popularity of his works, and the frequent allusions in general literature to the characters and expressions in the novels. If the law's delay is to be condemned, Jarndyce *v.* Jarndyce is mentioned; if officialism is to be attacked, the Circumlocution Office and its motto are quoted. Every now and then in our large American cities organised bands of thieves are discovered, and Fagin and his gang are always mentioned. Everybody knows of a firm that does business on the Splenlow and Jorkins principle. "Podsnappery" runs a race with "Chauvinism" as a term for excessive nationalism. I have just noted in this morning's *Ledger*, a local newspaper, an editorial headed "Municipal Micawberism," being a condemnation of the reckless methods of administering the finances of the city of Philadelphia.

Dickens stands next to Shakespeare in the availability of his characters and expressions in everyday life. That Dickens impressed his work so much more strongly on the American people than the other great novelists of the nineteenth century—for instance, Thackeray and Bulwer—is due, partly at least, to the large share that he gives to the middle and lower classes, whose temperaments, struggles, and aspirations can be understood by the people of this country.

The moral effect of the novels must not be overlooked. The sociological reforms at which some of them aimed may, as I said above, be of minor importance, but the lesson which is so forcibly taught through many thousands of pages, that absorbing interest, sympathy, merriment, and vivid delineation of character and incident may be obtained without resorting to expressed or implied indecency, is of the utmost value in forming a standard of public morals. Dickens's novels have had a great effect in this direction in this country.

HOW AMERICA WELCOMED DICKENS IN 1842*

THIS distinguished author reached our city on Saturday last from Newhaven, and on Monday evening he attended a ball given in his honour at the Park Theatre by the most respectable citizens of New York. No stranger was ever received in this country with equal enthusiasm, and the excitement produced by the ball itself—"The Boz Ball," as it was called—rose to an extraordinary pitch. From the eagerness to obtain tickets of admission to the entertainment they very early commanded a premium, and for three or four days previous to the night of the 14th inst., nothing was heard but inquiries after the lucky holders of them, and the prices at which they would part with them; thirty dollars were offered for tickets which cost but five!

The ball has been represented to us as exceedingly brilliant, there being nearly 5,000 people present. The daily papers have exhausted every form of language in describing the appearance of the theatre and the incidents of the night, but the following brief details from the *Emigrant* may not be uninteresting to those who have not an opportunity of reading the details referred to:—

The Boz Ball at the Park Theatre on Monday night was one of the most magnificent *fêtes* ever got up in this country. Language can hardly describe the elegance, beauty, and effect of the whole scene. In this immense assembly of gentlemen and ladies were, of course, the middle and the richer classes of society, the price of tickets being such as to prevent a promiscuous attendance. There were great variety and splendour in dress and costume, but such was the immense and pressing crowd, that, in the jamb, splendour and wealth of costume were almost undistinguished.

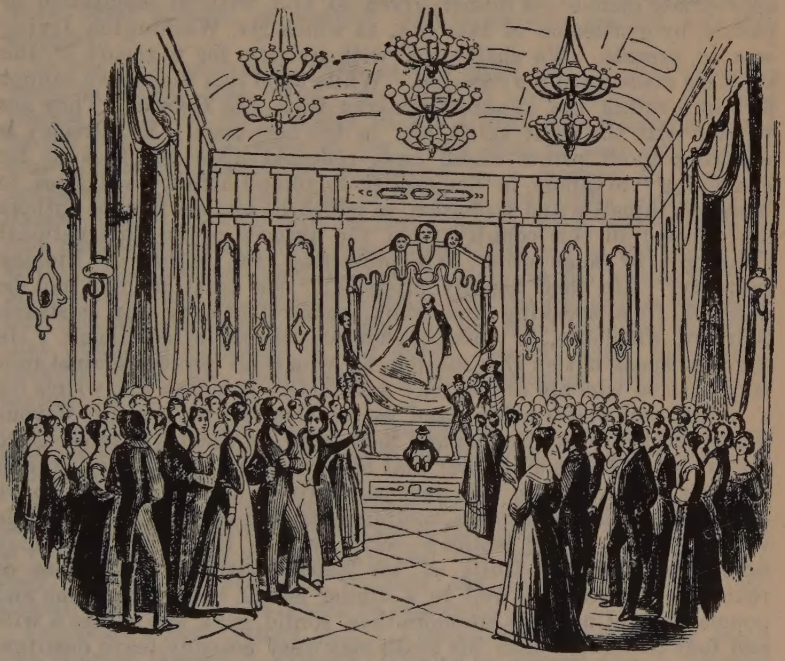
Mr. Dickens and his lady came in about nine o'clock, several gentlemen accompanying Mr. Dickens and N. P. Willis, Esq., with his lady. The party were welcomed with loud demonstrations of applause, with hurrahs, and waving of handkerchiefs, &c., &c. The band played "God save the King." Mrs. Dickens is a fine-looking Englishwoman, and appeared much to enjoy the honours given her husband. Soon after, both participated in the dance in the cotillon in the centre of the room. Mr. Dickens was dressed in a suit of black, with a gay vest; and Mrs. Dickens in a white figured Irish tabbinet, trimmed with mazarine blue flowers; a wreath of the same colour round her head, and with pearl necklace and earrings. Her hair was curled in long ringlets.

The *Tableaux Vivants* began to be displayed soon after Mr. Dickens came in, some of them with great effect. Mr. Dickens regarded them with great attention, and seemed to be highly pleased.

The whole of the theatre was decorated and embellished in a style of elegance far surpassing anything of the kind ever seen in that house. The whole canopy above the pit was composed of flags of nearly every nation. The boxes were festooned with flags. On the upper boxes were arranged different compartments, each separated by a statue and vase of flowers alternately. In the second tier of boxes

* This article appeared in *The Spirit of the Times* (New York), February 19th, 1842, under the title of "Welcome to Mr. Dickens."

were shown the arms of the States, with pretty devices between. Next, in the centre, was a device of a book open, with "Boz" written on the open page. The pillars that separated the lower tier were wrapped with gold tissue. The seats were covered with white linen trimmed with blue. Chandeliers were suspended in all directions. The floor of the pit was boarded over so as to make one great dancing hall from the front of the lobby quite to the rear of the building—a distance of full one hundred and twenty feet. The whole of the theatre over the stage was enclosed with decorated scenery, so as to



THE GREAT BOZ BALL

View, from a contemporary American newspaper, of the interior of the Park Theatre, New York, Feb. 14th, 1842, showing the Elizabethan Chamber and a Tableau of Pickwick

present the appearance of a dancing saloon, on the sides of which were suspended various sketches done in water colours, each one about two feet in height, representing different graphic descriptions in the works of Boz.

Besides these sketches is a great variety of representations of the different works of Boz, interspersed on the boxes, ceiling, &c. Part of the lower tier of boxes was taken out, so as to admit of ready access to the seats from the floor. The lobbies on each side were partitioned off, and hung with mirrors for ladies' dressing-rooms. The large saloon on the second floor was the banqueting-room, where the tables were loaded with refreshments. The company had hardly begun to disperse at midnight, and the scene of hilarity and festivity was kept up till a very late hour. The managers deserve great

credit for the manner in which they got the festival up. They were distinguished by a rosette with a likeness of Boz stamped on them. Their coats were all decorated with steel buttons of the same pattern. The Army and Navy officers of the United States, many of whom were present, were all dressed in their splendid uniforms. The military officers of the city were also gaily dressed in uniform. All went off admirably. Wherever Boz moved, crowds were following after him, such was the press to get a peep at the lion of the night.

Yesterday Mr. Dickens was to be entertained in another and more appropriate manner—a dinner given to him, without ostentation or parade, by gentlemen of this city, at which Mr. Washington Irving was to preside. We shall look with avidity for a report of the speeches made upon the occasion. While upon this theme, we cannot forbear quoting the annexed remarks from *The Tribune*. They are written with the right spirit, and in the best taste. Mr. Greeley is rebuking those prints which have reflected upon Mr. Dickens for presuming "to allude, in his replies to complimentary addresses, to the gross injustice and spoliation to which he and all foreign authors are exposed in this country from the absence of an International Copyright or some other law protecting the rights of literary property." He then happily proceeds: "We trust he will not be deterred from speaking the frank, round truth by any mistaken courtesy, diffidence, or misapprehension of public sentiment. He ought to speak out on this matter, for who shall protest against robbery if those who are robbed may not? Here is a man who writes for a living, and writes nobly; and we of this country greedily devour his writings, are entertained and instructed by them, yet refuse so to protect his rights as an author that he can realise a single dollar from all their vast American sale and popularity. Is this right? Do we look well offering him toasts, compliments, and other syllabub, while we refuse him naked justice?—while we say that every man may take from him the fruits of his labours without recompense or redress? It does very well in a dinner speech to say that fame and popularity and all that are more than sordid gold, but he has a wife and four children, whom his death may very possibly leave destitute—perhaps dependent for their bread, while publishers who have grown rich on his writings roll by in their carriages, and millions who have been instructed by them contribute not one farthing to their comfort. But suppose him rich, if you please, the justice of the case is unaltered. He is the just owner of his own productions as much as though he had axes or horse-shoes; and the People who refuse to protect his right ought not to insult him with the mockery of thriftless praise. Let us be just, and then generous. Good reader! if you think our guest ought to be enabled to live by and enjoy the fruits of his talents and toil, just put your names to a petition for an International Copyright Law, and then you can take his hand heartily if it comes in your way, and say, if need be, 'I have done what is in my power to protect you from robbery!' The passage of this act of long deferred justice will be a greater tribute to his worth and achievements than acres of inflated compliments soaked in hogsheads of champagne."

THE FIRST AND LAST DICKENS BANQUET IN THE UNITED STATES

By S. KILWIN

AT the time of Dickens's first visit to the United States he had already published the *Sketches*, *Pickwick Papers*, *Oliver Twist*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *Old Curiosity Shop*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, and was the idol of the reading public of England. Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller, Oliver Twist and Fagin, Barnaby Rudge and Dolly Varden, Little Nell and her grandfather, Nicholas Nickleby and Smike, were, with their creator, as popular with American readers as with English.

It was no wonder then, when in the latter part of 1841 the news came to Boston that "Boz" was soon to visit America, and that Boston was to be the first city in the United States to be favoured by his presence, that some of the young men of that city decided that the event should be celebrated in a manner to make it memorable. With that end in view, a committee consisting of James Russell Lowell, Geo. Minus, Chas. H. Mills, Henry Gardner and Samuel Parkman, junr., was appointed to invite the young and distinguished author to a dinner to be given in his honour. Upon Mr. Dickens's arrival, January 22nd, 1842, the committee waited on him, and the evening of February 1st was fixed upon as the time that would be agreeable to the guest. Shortly after his arrival Dickens wrote his friend and future biographer, John Forster, saying:—

> There is to be a public dinner to me here in Boston next Tuesday, and great dissatisfaction has been given to the many by the high price (three pounds sterling each) of the tickets.

Shortly after the dinner a little 12mo. pamphlet of sixty-six pages was issued, giving full reports of the speeches. This pamphlet is very scarce at the present day, and but few collectors possess a copy. From this pamphlet we find the following lists of the committees who had the dinner in charge:—

President, Josiah Quincy, junr.; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, George S. Hillard, Edward G. Loring and J. Thomas Stephenson. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of E. H. Eldridge, W. W. Tucker, S. A. Appleton, H. Lee, junr., and S. E. Guild. The members of the Invitation Committee were Geo. T. Bigelow, Nathan Hale, junr., Jonathan Fay Barrett, Frederick W. Crocker, and William Wetmore Storey.

A glance at the *personnel* of these committees may not be uninteresting at the present. Josiah Quincy, junr., the President, was the son of Josiah Quincy, senr., who, at the time of the dinner, was the venerable President of Harvard College, and was himself then President of the Massachusetts State Senate, and later Mayor of Boston. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the genial "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," was 33 years old, and had not even become famous as the author of "The Wonderful One Hoss Shay," and at the time of the dinner was a practising physician in Boston. James Russell Lowell, who was one of the committee which extended the invitation to Dickens, was only twenty-two years old,

but was already making a reputation as a poet. He had studied law and been admitted to the Bar, but had just decided to abandon the profession of law and lead a literary life. Geo. Tyler Bigelow, who was in his thirty-second year, was a young lawyer of Boston, and in 1847, at thirty-seven years of age, was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, in 1850 was Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and in 1860 Chief Justice. William Wetmore Storey, the famous American sculptor, long a resident of Rome, was only twenty-two years of age, and was then a practising lawyer in Boston, where he remained till 1848, at which time he went to Italy. He was, previous to this time, the writer of several books on legal subjects, as well as some volumes of prose and poetry. He was a classmate at Harvard of Lowell and Nathan Hale. And so we might go through the list and see how almost everyone had attained or was destined to attain high distinction in life.

Amongst the prominent guests were Josiah Quincy, senr., Washington Allston, the poet and artist; George Bancroft, the historian; Richard Henry Dana, senr., the author of "Ten Years before the Mast"; and many others eminent in the fields of literature, art and the law. It was probably as representative a body of eminent men as could well have been gathered together to welcome the young author, who was then only thirty years of age.

Jas. T. Fields, in "Yesterdays with Authors," writing in 1871 of this dinner, says:—

It is idle to attempt much talk about the banquet given on that night in February, twenty-nine years ago. It was a glorious episode in all our lives, and whoever was not there has suffered a loss not easy to estimate. We younger members of the dinner party sat in the seventh heaven of happiness, and were translated to other spheres. Was there ever such a night before in our staid city? Did ever mortal preside with such felicitous success as did Mr. Quincy? And how admirably he closed his speech of welcome, calling upon the young author amid a perfect volley of applause! Health! happiness! and a hearty welcome to Charles Dickens! And when Dickens stood up at last to answer for himself, so fresh and so handsome, with his beautiful eyes moist with feeling, and his whole frame aglow with excitement, how we did hurrah, we young fellows. Trust me, it was a great night, and we must have made a great noise at our end of the table, for I remember frequent messages came down to us from the "chair" begging that we hold up a little and moderate, if possible, the rapture of our applause.

The speaking was begun by Josiah Quincy, junr., in an address of welcome to the guest, which was not only eloquent in its tribute to Dickens, but abounded in witty and appropriate quotations from *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*. The speaker closed with the toast: "Health, Happiness and a Hearty Welcome to Charles Dickens!" and when Dickens rose to reply he was greeted by a burst of applause which was loud and long. Mr. Dickens's reply to the toast was a grateful and eloquent recognition of the hearty welcome which he had received, and concluded with his first public reference in the United States to an international copyright, which he said he believed was not far distant, "*firstly* because it is justice; *secondly* because without it you never can have and keep a literature of your own."

One of the most humorous speeches of the evening was that of

Josiah Quincy, senr., then seventy years of age, the President of Harvard University. A portion of his remarks were as to his doubts as to whether a man of his age should attend a young men's banquet, and why he had decided that he had a right to be there.

In the course of his speech he said:—

When a man's son has set up in the trade and is carrying it on pretty successfully, it is full time for the father to quit business, otherwise unpleasant comparisons may occur. It might possibly be said, "that the father beats the son," which would look unkind and unnatural, or it might be said, which in this case is more likely, that "the son beats the father," which all will agree is quite cruel and unnatural.

On the conclusion of his father's speech, Mr. Quincy, junr., arose, and quoting Sam Weller, replied:—

If ever I wanted anything of my father (said Sam) I always asked for it in a werry 'spectful and obliging manner. If he didn't give it to me, I took it, for fear I should be led to do anything wrong through not having it.

Mr. Geo. S. Hillard followed in one of the most eloquent speeches of the occasion, the theme of which was the bond of sympathy between England and the United States by reason of a common language and a common literature.

The speech of Richard H. Dana, junr., was devoted mainly to tracing a parallel between the discoveries of Columbus in the natural world and the discoveries of Mr. Dickens in the intellectual world, which were among the greatest events of the ages to which they respectively belonged, and, he said, their guest had made a new era in literature. Richard H. Dana, senr., responded to the toast "The glory of fathers is their children, and the glory of children is their fathers."

It may be interesting here to note the impression made on Dickens by the two Danas. In writing to Forster, he says:—

Dana, the author of "Ten Years Before the Mast" (a book which I had praised very much to him, thinking it like Defoe), is a very nice fellow indeed; and in appearance not at all the man you would expect. He is short, mild looking, and has a careworn face. His father is exactly like George Cruikshank after a night's jollity, only shorter.

A feature of the evening was an original song by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, written for the occasion, and sung by him. It is needless to say that the dinner was a very great success, and as Fields says, "It was a great night," and one to be remembered by all present.

Dickens himself wrote:

It was a most brilliant affair, and the speaking *admirable*. Indeed, the general talent for public speaking here is one of the most striking things that force themselves upon an Englishman's notice. As every man looks on to being a Member of Congress, every man prepares himself for it; and the result is quite surprising. You will observe one odd custom—the drinking of sentiments. It is quite extinct with us, but here everybody is expected to be prepared with an epigram as a matter of course.

Shortly after the appearance of the pamphlet reporting the "Dickens Dinner," there appeared another of the same size, giving an account of the "Quoz Dinner." In this pamphlet the speeches

of the Dickens dinner were burlesqued in a very coarse style, and the work is only interesting on account of its rarity. The full title of the pamphlet is:—

QUOZIANNA,
Or,
Letters from Great Goslington, Mass.:
Being an account of the
Quoz Dinner
And Other Matters.
By SAMPSON SHORT-AND-FAT.
Boston:
William White & H. P. Lewis.
1842.

As an example of the coarseness and vulgarity of style of the burlesque, the following extract from Dickens's speech and the "Quoz" speech is given:—

CHARLES DICKENS.

Gentlemen,—If you had given this splendid entertainment to any one else in the whole wide world—if I were here to-night to exalt in the triumph of my dearest friend—if I stood here upon my defence to repel an unjust attack—to appeal as a stranger to your generosity and kindness as the freest people on the earth—I could, putting some restraint upon myself, stand among you as self-possessed and unmoved as I should be alone in my room in England.

But when I hear the echoes of your cordial greeting ringing in my ears—when I see your kind faces bearing a welcome so warm and earnest as never man had, I feel—as it is my nature—so vanquished and subdued that I have hardly fortitude enough to thank you.

"QUOZ."

Gentlemen,—If you had given this splendid entertainment to any other red-headed mortal that ever trod Neat's leather—if I were here to-night to measure the dimensions of a crook-necked squash—if I stood upon my defence to smash a mosquito or fight a bumble-bee, to appeal as a subscription agent to your breeches pocket for three dollars a year, half in advance—I could, putting some restraint upon my knee pans, stand as bolt upright as any bean pole that ever stuck in a hill.

But when I hear the echoes of seven men and a horse ringing in my ears, and I see your pumpkin faces beaming with the effects of beef and benevolence, gratitude and gravy—I feel—as it is my nature—struck with such a 'tympany—and, as I may say, so completely collywobbled, that I have hardly pluck enough to roll up the whites of my eyes.

Jas. T. Fields, writing in "Yesterdays with Authors," says of Dickens on his first arrival in Boston:—

How well I recall the bleak winter evening in 1842 when I first saw the handsome, glowing face of the young man who was even then famous over half the globe. He came bounding into the Tremont House fresh from the steamer that had brought him to our shores, and his cheery voice rang through the hall as he gave a quick glance at the new scenes opening upon him in a strange land on his first arriving at a transatlantic hotel. "Here we are!" he shouted, as the lights burst upon the merry party just entering the house, and several gentlemen came forward to greet him. Ah, how happy and buoyant he was then! Young, handsome, almost worshipped for his genius, belted around by such troops of friends as rarely ever man had, coming to a new country to make new

conquests of fame and honour—surely it was a sight long to be remembered, and never wholly to be forgotten.

What a different picture the famous author presented when twenty-six years later he was the honoured guest at the dinner given in New York. He was no longer the bright, smooth-faced young man with the long wavy locks, but had become an elderly man with streaks of grey in both hair and beard. He was no longer the young man with body unrestrained and alert, and was hardly able to attend the banquet so racked was he with pain in foot and limb as he finally walked into the room an hour after

AU REVOIR

Charles Dickens leaving England for his second American visit

From the picture by J. J. Proctor, in *Judy*, Oct. 30th, 1867

the time set for the banquet to begin. Murat Halstead, one of the guests, describing Dickens's entrance, wrote:—

The faces of the waiting groups grew apprehensive. Talk was reduced to nervous gasps and whispers. Suddenly a Delmonico boy came in at a sharp trot and said a word to Mr. Greeley and George William Curtis, who were conferring with great solemnity. The latter heaved a sigh of relief, saying with great solemnity, "Ah, he IS HERE." Mr. Curtis was often impressive in speech, but he never uttered more potent words. They were received with sympathetic ejaculations of relief as Dickens hobbled in, accompanied by John Russell Young. What he wore on his right foot no one noticed, but on his left seemed to be a stuffed carpet bag; in his left hand was a stick, on which he leaned; his right was on Greeley's arm. They headed the procession into the dining-room, and in passing Mr. Young mentioned privately to some of us that the illustrious guest was in great pain.

This was the last public dinner which Dickens attended in the United States, and was given at Delmonico's Restaurant in New York on Saturday, April 18th, 1868, by "The Press of the United States."

The guests numbered about two hundred, and were composed of the editors and proprietors of the principal newspapers of the country, representatives from the large publishing houses, eminent artists and authors, Horace Greeley, the editor and proprietor of the *New York Tribune*, being the chairman. The Committee of Invitation consisted of the following gentlemen:—John Russell Young, who was managing editor of the *New York Tribune* from 1865 to 1869, and in 1882 Minister to China; Geo. Sheppard, one of the editors of the *New York Times;* Bronson C. Howard, the dramatic editor of the *New York Tribune* from 1867 to 1872, and a prominent dramatist, being the author of "The Banker's Daughter," "Young Mrs. Winthrop," "Shenandoah," "Aristocracy," &c.; David G. Croly, managing editor of the *New York World* from 1860 to 1872, and late editor of the *New York Daily Graphic;* Charles E. Wilbour, an editor of the *New York Tribune*, a literary writer and translator, and a contributor to Putnam's Magazine and *New York World;* and Charles H. Sweetser, editor of the *New York Evening Mail.*

Mr. Greeley's speech introducing the guest was an eloquent tribute to the author, the keynote of whose writings was "humanity," and the climax was when, just before proposing the sentiment, "Health and happiness, honour, and generous—because just—recompense to our friend and guest Charles Dickens," he said, "Friends and fellow labourers, Dickens is not ashamed of having come up, as most of us have come up, from the lowest rounds of the ladder of the press."

Mr. Dickens's speech was memorable from the fact that in it he spoke so feelingly of the great changes which had taken place since his first visit to America twenty-six years before, of his great appreciation of the kindness of his reception wherever he had been, and promised that his remarks concerning the considerate treatment he had received should thereafter always be published as an appendix to *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit*, a promise which has been faithfully kept by his publishers. On the completion of his speech he was compelled to retire from the banquet by reason of the condition of his health.

The oratorical gem of the occasion was that of George William Curtis, whose theme was Dickens as a "reporter." He classed an author's writings as simply the reports of a man who saw human life in all its phases and wrote reports of it as he saw it, and spoke of Dickens's writings as a prodigious series of reports which have become "Household Words All the Year Round." Curtis's final words were:—

Let us take the hand of our friend at parting. Wherever he may be, whatever fate befall, his name will be a kind of "good tidings." It will always have a Christmas sound. Old Ocean, bear him safely over! English hedges, welcome him with blossoms of the May! English hearts, he

is ours as he is yours! We stand upon the shore; we say farewell; and as he sails away we pray, with love and gratitude, "May God bless him!"

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

XLIV

A WRITER CHAP LIKE DICKENS

By SAM KENT

FROM the big city far away
Our lad (whom God defend from harm)
Has come for three good months to stay
With mum an' pop upon the farm;
He jes' gulps in sweet country air,
An' feeds the pigs an' chickens;
When work is thro' he takes a chair
And reads us bits from Dickens.

On books I never set much store;
It takes too long to read 'em thro',
An' checkers allus pleased me more,
But this I 'low is somethin' new.
It gets a kinder hold er me,
My slow old pulse it quickens,
I jes' sit ther', an' long to see
Some 'er them folks in Dickens.

Ther's little Nell an' Little Paul,
An' Peggotty and Riah Heep,
An' Barnaby,—I love 'em all,
But warn't old Fagin precious deep?
Weller an' Tapley, ain't they smart?
Tho' Sikes yer blood jes' thickens;
Tom Pinch an' Smike, why, bless yer heart,
Ther' plain as life in Dickens.

Them wayside inns an' queer back streets
To me they're all bung full er charms,
An' all so homelike when it treats
Er Christmas time at country farms.
Some folks want all the latest trash,
Filled up with stuff that sickens;
They'd better save ther' surplus cash
An' buy some books like Dickens.

He's Britisher, but, none the less,
We ain't a-goin' to take that sore;
He's next er kin to us, I guess,
So's Shakespeare, Scott, an' lots amore.
Could I be King, er some sich thing,
No work, an' lots er pickins',
It 'pears to me I'd ruther be
A writer chap like Dickens.

Toronto.

AMERICAN PARODIES ON DICKENS'S "AMERICAN NOTES"

By W. GLYDE WILKINS (of Pittsburg, U.S.A.)

AFTER Dickens's return home from his trip to America in 1842, the announcement that he would embody the results of his observations during his stay in a book occasioned great interest amongst the reading public of the United States, and its publication was expectantly awaited. The book was republished as quickly as possible after the receipt of the English edition, one edition in pamphlet form being issued by Harper Bros., in New York, dated November, 1842, and the enterprising publisher of *The New World*, a New York newspaper, issued the entire work as a supplement, which was presented free to its readers. It was small quarto in size, the printed page being six by ten inches, printed in double columns, and at the top of the first column were the words "First American Edition," the date being November, 1842, the same as the "Harper" edition, so that it is a question which was really the first.

It is a well-known fact that the work was received with storms of indignation from most of the American critics, who almost without exception charged the author with base ingratitude, considering the manner in which he had been received during his travels. Even some of Dickens's own countrymen took the same view, and shortly after the publication of the original work there appeared in England an anonymous work entitled "Change for the American Notes by an American Lady." It was not written by an "American Lady," but by an English gentleman, who seemed to think that "people who live in glass houses should not throw stones," and that Dickens was hardly fair in singling out the worst features of American life and manners and presenting them in such a way as to lead his English readers to believe that he was giving an impartial account of the manners and customs of a nation whose people had met him with open arms. On the whole, however, the work was temperate in its tone, and the author did not descend to "Billingsgate," but contented himself with trying to show that there were certain features of English life that could as easily be made a subject of criticism as any of the American ones criticised by Dickens.

It remained, however, for an enterprising Boston newspaper publisher, who evidently thought he was catering to American public sentiment, and at the same time equalling the New York publisher in enterprise, to issue a supplement to "Yankee Notions" by an anonymous writer, entitled "English Notes, intended for Very General Circulation, by Quarles Quickens," and which was actually indecent in the rancour in which it was written. The pamphlet was about the same size as the original *American Notes* published by the New York newspaper, and was printed three columns to a page, but included only sixteen pages. It is very scarce—in fact, the writer has never seen or heard of any copy except the one in his collection. To show the vileness and utter bad taste in which

the book was written, the quotation here given is all that is necessary:—

> DEDICATION.—This work, composed chiefly since my return, during such intervals of leisure as my various other important avocations allowed me, I dedicate to those friends of mine in England who, giving me a welcome I shall never forget, were so kind and courteous as not to restrain my judgment; and who, loving their country very much as a Jew loves pork, can bear, nay even take delight in, whatever of abuse and detraction it may give me pleasure to indulge in respecting it—provided that it is done in my usual vein of kindness and good humour.

Chapter One had the same title as *American Notes*—"Going Away"—and is intended to be a parody on the original, being entirely devoted to a description of the stateroom in the steamer and the departure of the ship from the dock. A single quotation will show the writer's inane attempt to be humorous:—

> Indeed, the longer we sat in it the more cosy did it seem to grow, and we got to be quite merry when we thought how large a party might be squeezed into it without much risk of splitting out the sides—how admirably the process of shaving and hair cutting might be carried on with the aid of the bull's eye overhead. How airy it was, and what a fine large porthole it had; how pleasant it would be when far out at sea to be in bed and watch the motion of the waves; and, lastly, what a fine relish mulled claret would have down there!

The second chapter, entitled "The Voyage," is devoted principally to an intended witty description of the trip across the ocean, and of the Adelphi Hotel, at Liverpool. It concludes with an account of the supposed travellers' conversation with the waiter at the hotel when giving an order for dinner:—

> "I wish dinner laid in this room for four, very shortly."
>
> "Shortly, sir?" (interrogatively).
>
> "Yes, shortly." (I find that I was not understood.) "I wish dinner immediately—right away."
>
> "Oh, right away? Yes, sir."

Chapter Three is headed "Liverpool," but is principally concerned with an account of the supposed experiences of the author with a poor beggar woman and her sick boy, an attendance at church the next day, and concludes with a description of an English 5 o'clock dinner.

The fourth chapter, "An English Railway," gives the author's ideas on English railway practice, and, although written sixty-five years ago, some of the opinions expressed therein are still believed to be correct at the present day by some American travellers, and the following quotation will be sufficient to show the author's ideas on that subject:—

> Now, an English railway is one of the most foolish, dirty, and unchristian conveyances that ever disgraced any civilised age or country; instead of being large, open, and airy, as are ours, it is in fact but a long succession of Yankee stage coaches

opening at the side, the interior space divided by partitions into little cells, wherein when you have thrust yourself into its seclusion you feel very much like a convict in one of the State prisons, only not half as comfortable.

A conversation with Mr. and Mrs. Brown, fellow-travellers, is supposed to show the ignorance of the average Englishman on America and Americans:—

"Lor me, Mr. Quickens! you Americans are not as barbarous as I thought you were. What tribe do you belong to?"

"Tribe! Tribe! I am not a Jew."

"Well, but you are an Indian, ain't you?"

"An Indian! Madam, what can you mean?

"He looks very white, I declare. But Jockey (that's Mr. Brown) told me that all Americans were Indians."

The next chapter concerns "London—Its Curiosities," and is largely taken up with a comparison of the size of the city with Boston, and descriptions of the Tower, Westminster Abbey, St. James's Palace, and the British Museum.

The author, on reading "English Notes," evidently had his feelings very much wrought up over Dickens's strictures on prisons and slavery in America, and in Chapter Seven he proceeds to get even by quoting extracts from British newspapers and a speech by Lord Brougham on "The Mode of Conducting the Slave Trade in British India." The chapter concludes as follows:—

These are only a few examples of the character of English slavery at home and English slavery abroad. Let the reader now decide, with these evidences before him, whether the lawmakers of England can be honest and sincere in their contests against slavery which exists out of their own dominions and beyond their own dominions. The true test of any man's character is to be found beside his own hearthstone.

In other words, the author intends to tell the English author "to mind his own business."

The last chapter, "Concluding Remarks," is concerned principally with the author's ideas of the personal characteristics of the English people generally, and he accuses them of intemperance in both eating and drinking, not only in the upper, but also in the lower classes. He says:—

The English are great eaters, and, as I have already hinted, great drinkers. They proceed slowly with great deliberation and care. With them the process of dining has become a well-regulated system, and makes the highest enjoyment of their lives. It is exceedingly dangerous to disturb an Englishman during dinner. This remark I make as a caution to avoid approaching them on matters of business during dinner, or even at any time after it."

The chapter and book concludes, paraphrasing Dickens, as follows:—

If I shall lose a single friend on the other side of the Atlantic by what I have set down on these pages, I shall esteem

him to have been unworthy of my friendship. It must also be apparent to everyone that I have not been influenced by the reception which I met with in England; on the contrary, I think it will be found that I have leaned to the other side.

While, as previously stated, the American reading public and critics felt that Dickens had not been entirely fair and impartial in his strictures on American life and customs, the writer does not believe that such a scurrilous work could have met with the approval of the American reading public, even so far back as 1842, and he has referred to it simply because of its rarity as an item of Dickensiana.

In 1868 another small pamphlet was published in Philadelphia, entitled "Some Notes on America to be Re-written; Suggested,

"NOT AT HOME"

Charles Dickens and his former American acquaintances

From a drawing by C. G. Bush in *Harper's Weekly*, Dec. 21st, 1867

with Respect, to Charles Dickens." It was privately printed for the author, who was anonymous. It is a small 12mo pamphlet of twenty pages, and was written by one who was an admirer of Dickens, as perusal of the preface will show:—

> Than the writer, no one more honours and esteems Mr. Dickens, and sooner would he that his right hand forget its cunning than indite aught that would convey a shadow of offence to that gifted man. If, therefore, there be in this trifle a single line that may be construed unfavourably, it will be to the great and lasting regret of the author.

It was written after Dickens's arrival in the United States on the occasion of his second visit, and is mainly devoted to pleasantly

calling attention to the great changes that had taken place since his first visit in 1842.

The author shows Mr. Dickens the vast changes that have taken place in twenty-six years. No pigs on Broadway any more than in the aristocratic precincts of Hyde Park Corner or Belgrave Square, London. He shows Dickens the hotels and theatres of New York and Philadelphia, the completeness of the comforts for the men in the police stations, and the cleanliness and ventilation of the prisoners' cells, all lighted and warmed. He takes the great author to the river steamboats, and asks him to tread the downy carpets and recline on the couches with luxurious spring cushions, and listen to the strokes of the engines' pistons, every stroke of which says, "Rewrite these Notes! Rewrite these Notes!" He directs attention to the fact that Girard College is no longer a thing *to be* done, but is now an accomplished fact. He compares the publishers of Paternoster Row with Lippincott of Philadelphia, Appleton of New York, and Ticknor and Fields of Boston, from any one of whom could be had any book from the "Tale of a Tub" to the "Talmud."

The author asks:—

> What have the American people left undone to prove they appreciate genius, honour, talent, even though it came to them in the person of one who indulged in no gentle chidings of their sayings and their doings, their follies and their foibles, and pitched into their speeches as well as their spittoons?

Read the answer which Dickens gave in his speech in New York, on April 18th, 1868:—

"But what I have intended, what I have resolved upon is, on my return to England, in my own Journal, to bear, for the behoof of my countrymen, such testimony to the gigantic changes which I have hinted at to-night; to record that wherever I have been, in the smallest places, equally with the largest, I have been received with unsurpassable politeness, delicacy, sweet temper, hospitality, consideration, and with unsurpassable respect for the privacy enforced upon me by my avocation here and the state of my health. This testimony, so long as I live, and so long as my descendants have any legal rights in my books, I shall cause to be republished as an appendix to every copy of these two books of mine in which I have referred to America. And this I will do and cause to be done, not in mere love and thankfulness, but because I regard it as an act of plain justice and honour."

The article appeared in *Household Words*, and was entitled "A Debt of Honour." It was afterwards added, at his special request, as a postscript to both the books mentioned above, and is to be found in all editions issued by his original publishers, Messrs. Chapman & Hall. And this promise, though made nearly forty years ago, has been most faithfully kept to this day, and the wounded feelings of the American people caused by *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* have long since been healed, and the memory of the great author is kept green in the hearts of both of the great English-speaking nations, the American as well as the British.

THE HUMOUR OF DICKENS AS IT APPEALED TO AMERICANS IN 1838 *

THE writings of "Boz" are *sui generis*. With all the native humour of Smollett, but none of his coarseness; all the pathos of Sterne, without his effeminate sentimentality; and all the satirical talents of Swift, without his obscenity, we find in his writings a rare union of the most captivating talents, divorced from all that is exceptional or disgusting. In the days of Smollett and Fielding, of Swift and Pope, wit and humour seemed only to be appreciated as it bordered on indecency. A *bon mot* was considered as wanting in the due seasoning of the attic salt, unless capable of calling a blush to the cheek of a fair reader, and *double entendre* was the height of polished wit. Indeed, from the days of Elizabeth to the reign of Anne, English literature has been polluted with great obscenity; even Shakespeare was by no means an exception. What should we think of a lady who would use the language of the beautiful and "modest" Perdita, aye, or of Juliet, or of Cleopatra? True, much of this may be attributed to the manners of the age. But are not the manners of the age to some extent formed by the tone of its literature? Assuredly there is a reciprocal influence. All the lighter literature of the period we mention, whether romance, poetry or dramatic effort, is liable to this objection. Wherever the author would shine as a wit he has recourse to a little obscenity.

How delightful is it, then, to find a writer like Mr. Dickens, who can sketch the richest scenes of humour without having recourse to an expression calculated to awaken an idea which would call the blush of modesty to the purest cheek—who can convulse a company without giving offence to the most fastidious prude.

But the humour of "Boz" is of a very peculiar character. He has sought for himself an untrodden path—one that "Boz" alone could tread with safety or advantage. His principal characters are cockneys of the first water; men who had literally "escaped" (to use the words of a facetious author) "from the heart, liver and lights of the city,"—as simple and guileless in the ways of the world as schoolboys, and liable to be imposed on by every sharper. The adventures which these men meet with, when they issue forth boldly into a world of which they know so little, form the subject of the papers of the Pickwick Club. Mr. Pickwick, the hero, with as much simplicity as his companions, has a greater fund of common sense, a strong love of propriety, and much energy of character and moral courage. He is a pattern of benevolence and kindness of heart—a practical Uncle Toby. Messrs. Tupman, Winkle, and Snodgrass, his three companions and satellites, are men such as we often meet. Simple, vain, and good-natured, each of them marked by peculiar attributes, and united in their veneration for the illustrious founder of their Club, they form a very agreeable addition to the *dramatis personæ*. But Sam Weller, the inimitable Sam! the elder Weller, and Mr. Stiggins, the Shepherd—the presiding genius of the "Brick Lane

* *The New York Star*, 1838.

Branch of the United Grand Junction Ebenezer Temperance Association,"—they form the vehicles for the richest vein of "Boz's" incomparable humour.

Sam Weller is certainly an original character. His strong natural sense and shrewdness, his wit and cheerfulness, and his constant fidelity to his master, make him at once the most amusing and the most amiable character in low life that has ever been presented to the reader by any author of whatever time or country. It has been objected by some inconsiderate critics that this character is unnatural, that the peculiar dialect in which Sam and his father are made to speak is forced and too strongly marked, and that both of these characters are endowed with more wit and good sense than would be likely to exist in minds so uncultivated.

This criticism is, we think, erroneous. As to the language, neither the critics themselves nor the writer of this sketch can form any judgment from actual experience, as these strictures have always fallen from untravelled American authors. But if we take the experience of those who have lived long in England, and have been thrown in contact in some measure with the lower order of society there, as our guide, or if we peruse Mr. Bulwer's "Pelham" and "Paul Clifford," or the Police Reports of the London papers, we will find the language of Mr. Weller, senior, and his affectionate son, by no means exaggerated. Nor can we allow that wit and good sense are only to be found among the educated and refined; since we have often met, within the compass of our own observation, as much shrewdness and readiness among the illiterate of our own country as in the polished circles of fashionable life.

The character of Mr. Stiggins, the hypocritical Shepherd, is well sustained throughout, and is truly a fine hit. In these days of ostentatious charities and pharisaical religion, there are few indeed who have not met with at least one such "Shepherd" as Mr. Dickens presents to our view in the character of "the red-nosed man"; and a lucky thing it would be for the peace of many a family, if all could detect the wolf in sheep's clothing with the sagacity of the elder Mr. Weller.

On the whole, we consider the *Pickwick Papers* among the most remarkable literary productions of the age. True, their peculiar polish and delicacy of wit will prevent them from becoming popular with that class of men who never can see the point of a joke until the rest of the world have done laughing at it; and some others, perhaps, who would more admire the book if there were a slight tinge of indelicacy or profanity to relish the humour; but for our own part we would have no such improvements, and venture to predict that so long as a taste for true wit and genuine humour exists in the world, so long will the *Pickwick Club* hold a favoured place on the shelf of every library in every city, town and village where the English language is spoken.

EXAMINATION IN "HARD TIMES" RESULT

THE competition we set in our May issue has proved very successful. Papers have been sent in from Philadelphia and Nashville, U.S.A., and France, in addition to those from different parts of this country, the latter including many old friends. We are afraid our questions were not sufficiently difficult, for no fewer than four competitors have answered them all correctly, all of whom are ladies. The highest number of marks possible was 144, but so good have the papers been that twelve competitors exceeded 140, whilst the lowest only fell as low as 116. Many marks were lost through the chapter references being omitted.

As there is nothing to choose between the four winning papers, we have decided to give a prize of a book published at not more than 5s. to each. The winners' names are:—

Miss Maude Melville Fowler, The Firs, Braintree.

Miss Winifred Mabel Nash, Westlands, Princess Road, N.

Miss Frances Innocent, 77, Coleman Road, Camberwell, S.E.

Miss Irene Niedermann, 54, Whyteville Road, Forest Gate, E.

We shall be happy to send any book, to the value named, on hearing from the successful ladies.

ANSWERS TO THE QUESTIONS.

1. "The howling ocean of *tabular statements*, which no diver ever got to any depth in, and came up sane."—Book I., Chapter 8.

2. At the Coketown Bank: Mrs. Sparsit was twice addressed by Mr. Harthouse (at their first interview) as *Mrs. Powler*.—Book II., Chapter 1.

3. (*a*) "Faith, Hope and Charity."—Book III., Chapter 9. (*b*) "The Writing on the Wall."—Book III., Chapter 9. (*c*) The Good Samaritan.—Book II., Chapter 12. (*d*) "The land where grapes are gathered from thorns, and figs from thistles."—Book II., Chapter 9.

4. "A curious propensity to call Mrs. Bounderby '*Miss Gradgrind.*'"—Book II., Chapter 8.

5. "Crammed with all sorts of *dry bones and sawdust*. It's his system."—Book II., Chapter 3.

6. "Morgiana in the Forty Thieves."—Book I., Chapter 2; Bluebeard.—Book I., Chapter 15; Robinson Crusoe.—Book II., Chapter 11; "*Alas, Poor Yorick!*"—Book II., Chapter 8; Lord Chesterfield.—Book II., Chapter 6; "*Legend of Peter Piper.*"—Book I., Chapter 3.

7. "*The artificial barriers* he had been erecting between himself and all those subtle essences of humanity, which will elude the utmost cunning of algebra."—Book I., Chapter 15.

8. "Dissipated, extravagant . . . not worth his salt."—Book II., Chapter 1.

9. Mr. Bounderby *loq.* "Defects are found out in the stable door after the horse is stolen."—Book II., Chapter 8.

10. "When he is trimmed, smoothed and varnished according to the mode . . . *he is the very Devil.*"—Book II., Chapter 8.

11. (*a*) Charles's Wain.—Book I., Chapter 3; (*b*) The Great Pyramid and the Nile.—Book III., Chapter 2; (*c*) Slough of Despond.—Book III., Chapter 5.

12. "*Old Time*, that greatest and longest established spinner of all . . . his factory is in a secret place."—Book I., Chapter 14.

THE EDITOR.

THE HOSPITAL FOR SICK CHILDREN, GREAT ORMOND STREET

LAST month we were able to forward to the Secretary of the above hospital £4 3s. 6d. as a result of an appeal in our June number. Since the July issue was published we have received the following amounts, which shall be duly forwarded to the Secretary.

We shall be pleased to continue to receive subscriptions, however small, towards the funds so much needed by a hospital in which Dickens showed so great an interest, and which he helped so considerably with his eloquence.

	£	s.	d.
Already forwarded to the hospital	4	3	6
"Jenny Wren, the Dolls' dressmaker" ...	0	5	0
Mrs. Wellington Gray...	1	0	0

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BOZ AND MUSIC

SIR,—In Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's article "Boz and Music," I was grieved to see several errors in spelling the names of several artistes and composers. As these names have become household words to music lovers of a former age, I would beg a little of your valuable space to point out a few of the principal errors.

Miss Rainforth, who sang the ballad "How beautiful at eventide" in *The Village Coquettes*, appears here as "Miss Ramsforth." Dickensians will no doubt wonder who "Tug" Weller was who so maliciously wrote a ballad entitled "Mr. Stiggins." In reality it should have been our old friend Tony. "The Cratchett Polka," from the *Cricket on the Hearth*, surely should read "Cricket Polka."

Everyone knows (especially those ardent dancers of quadrilles) the name of Charles Coote, Junr.; yet here we have him as Charles Coole, Junr., on every occasion throughout the article. The author of the song "Master Humphrey's Clock, Did you hear anything knock?" appears here as "Bealer," but should be "Beular." These errors are regrettable in an otherwise admirable article.

Faithfully yours,

July 6th, 1908. W. MILLER.

NATIONAL DICKENS LIBRARY CATALOGUE

SIR,—Will you kindly inform me if there has been a catalogue issued to the Dickens-Kitton Library by the Guildhall; and, if so, whether it is obtainable and at what price?

Yours faithfully,

Streatham, July 6th, 1908. R. W. D.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

NOTICE TO SECRETARIES.

Reports of meetings should reach the Editor by the 18th of each month to ensure insertion. But it will be a matter of GREAT CONVENIENCE *if Secretaries will send their reports immediately after the meetings have been held, and not wait until the time limit. Address c/o Publishers, 11, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.*

BRIXTON.—As an evidence that broad-minded religionists are not adverse to the cult Dickensian, it is interesting to record as follows:—On the occasion of the 80th Anniversary of Trinity Congregational Church, Brixton, Wednesday, June 24th, a reading of *The Cricket on the Hearth* was given—by request—in the contiguous Lecture Hall, by Mr. R. Allbutt (Fellowship Secretary of the Brixton Branch), which was well received by a large and appreciative audience. The chair was occupied by the Rev. M. Lansdown.

CHESTER, U.S.A.—On invitation of Miss Pennell, the last meeting of the season was held at her home, 1121, Edgmont Ave., the Vice-President, Mr. John McLellan, in the chair. Miss Elizabeth T. Smith gave a fine paper on the book that had been the season's study, *Bleak House*, touching on points that had not been cleared up in the discussions, and giving a deal of information on different subjects, and regarding the characters of the book, not generally known. A warm discussion followed, opened by Mr. Watts, on the character of Tulkinghorn; the Rev. Mr. Towle, Mr. McDonough and Mr. MacMorran giving their views in characteristic fashion to the enjoyment of members. The members then retired to the dining-room, where refreshments were served; many a quip and jest passed around, lending assistance to digestion of mind and body. The Rev. Mr. Towle had come from Rogersford for this occasion, Mr. Watts was home from Harrisburg. With frolicsome glee they led the games on the lantern-lighted lawn; "mirth and fun grew fast and furious," but "pleasures are like poppies spread," and the "wee sma' hoors ayant the twall'" came on apace and the serious ones realised 'twas time to go home. Before adjourning, the members gave a vote of thanks to Miss Pennell for her generous hospitality; also, as the rainstorm had prevented the annual picnic to Rose Valley on Memorial Day, it was agreed to have the picnic on Labour Day, the first Monday in September. The first President of the Branch, the Rev. Mr. Towle, and the present President, Mr. John McDonough, are about making a trip abroad, hoping to visit the Parent Fellowship in London.

HAMILTON (CANADA).—Mr. William Miles, F.R.S.L., of London, gave a recital of "Dombey and Son" in the Conservatory Recital Hall on May 20th. Mr. Miles has the face of an actor, mobile and full of expression, and every mood was reflected in his speaking countenance. The work was synopsized with excellent discrimination. Mr. Miles's dramatic ability was quite equal to every strain in his exacting recital, his portrayal of the death of little Paul being exceptionally striking. From the pathos of the first part of his program to the humour of the second seems a far cry, but the reciter was equally happy in both, and delighted the hearts of all Dickens lovers by his deep insight into the heart of one of the famous novelist's most interesting works.

MAIDSTONE.—Last month a number of members paid a visit to Rochester, when a most instructive and enjoyable afternoon was spent at

the Cathedral, where Mr. Edwin Harris, of Rochester, the famous antiquarian and Dickensian, took charge of the party, at whose disposal he had generously placed his services. After an inspection of the Cathedral, Watts' Charity was reached (Jasper's gatehouse being noted *en route*), where everything was found as described in the *Seven Poor Travellers*. Passing along by Theobald's Square and a portion of the old city wall, the party came to Eastgate House, now the Museum, and once a ladies' school, described as "the Nun's House" in *Edwin Drood*, and "Westgate House" in *Pickwick Papers*. The party now betook themselves to the famous Bull Hotel, where tea was served in the historic ball-room of *Pickwick Papers* by Host Snell. After this the Castle was visited, and a splendid afternoon and evening, much enhanced by Mr. Harris's interesting way of imparting his unique knowledge, came to a close.

MELBOURNE.—The April, May and June meetings were held in the Austral Salon with very satisfactory results. The average attendance of visitors in addition to members being from 90 to 100. The branch co-operated with the Victorian Sanatoria for Consumptives, for the production of a Dickens Tableaux Ball, held on June 29th in Melbourne Town Hall, in aid of the Sanatoria.

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

"Selborne Essays." By Paul Elmer More (containing a chapter on Dickens). London: Putnam Sons. 5s.

"Charles Dickens et Alphonse Daudet." By W. A. Munro. Toulouse: Edouard Privat.

MAGAZINE AND NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Charles Dickens: Press Agent." By W. P. Beazell. Illus. *The Index* (Pittsburg, U.S.A.), June 13th.

"The Human Ass." By Claudius Clear (dealing with Mr. Sapsea and others). *The British Weekly*, June 18th and 25th.

"Dickens Festival at Broadstairs." *Keble's Isle of Thanet Gazette* (Margate), June 27th. *East Kent Times* (Ramsgate), June 24th. *Pullen's Kent Argus* (Ramsgate), June 27th. *Thanet Times*, June 24th. *Daily Chronicle* and *Standard*, June 22nd.

"Shall not Dickens have a Statue?" By Percy Fitzgerald. *Times*, July 3rd. By H. F. Dickens, July 4th. Professor C. Waldstein, July 7th. *Manchester Guardian* (leader), July 4th. *Birmingham Despatch*, July 4th. *Guardian*, July 8th. *Glasgow Weekly Citizen*, July 11th.

"Charles Dickens and his Dog Timber." Illus. *Kennel Magazine*, July.

"The Observatory" (When Dickens came to Manchester, &c.). *Manchester City News*, June 27th.

"The Bystander" (Dickensian Associations). By Ashby Sterry. *The Graphic*, June 27th.

"Cigarette Papers" (Dickens and letter-writing). *The People*, June 21st.

"Dickens Cheques: No Bid," July 13th.

"Do-the-Boys-Hall." An interview with Smike. By W. Hood. *Yorkshire W. Post*, June 20th.

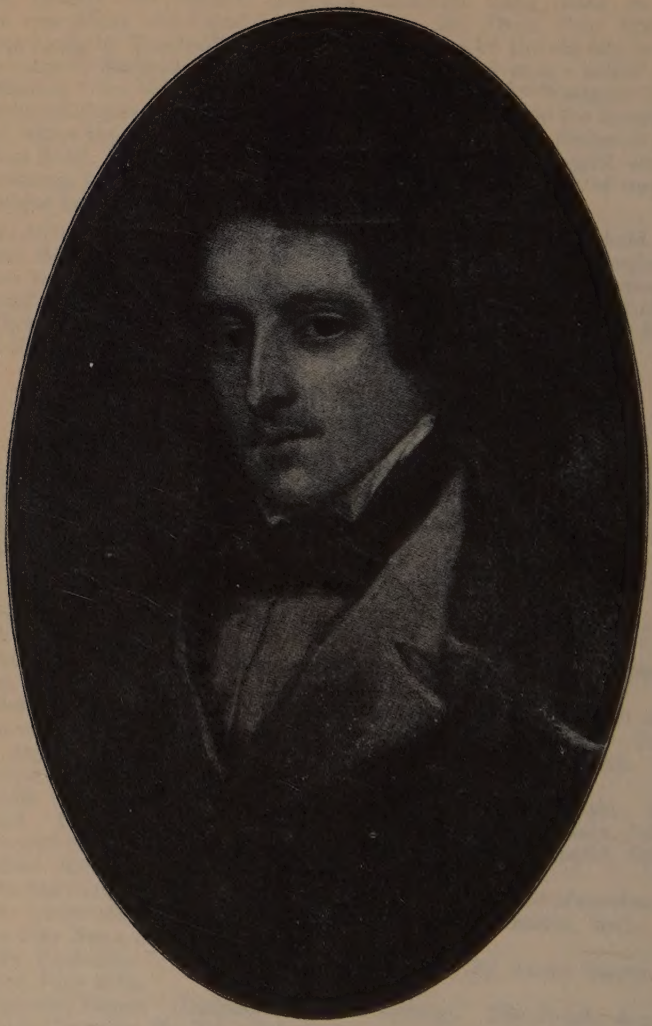
"Vanishing London: A Reminiscence of Dickens" (Fagin's Kitchen). Illus. *City Press*, July 4th.

"Mr. George Moore, Dickens and Stevenson." Letter to *Glasgow Evening News*, July 10th.

"The True Monument to Dickens." *Spectator*, July 11th.

"The Old Curiosity Shop." *Bookseller*, July.

"From the Dickens Dust Heap." *Saturday Review*, July 11th.



CHARLES DICKENS

From a Painting by an unknown artist about 1840, given to George Dolby by the Novelist